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MISCELLANY.

From the American Museum.

THE ROYAL PROFESSOR.

We grant altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.
Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak:
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
He was in logic a great critick,
Profoundly skilled in analytick.
For Rhetorick, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
In Mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Eira Pater;
For he by geometrick scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight,
And wisely tell, what hour of the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

HUDIBRAS.

Some persons think that all mankind are born with mental capacities alike.—How preposterous the idea! that, when the mass of inert matter is wrought into innumerable diverse forms, and when animated existence appears under every specification of color, figure and energy, that immaterial and divine essence, the mind, should exist in all rational beings exactly the same, evincing no modification and discovering itself in but one development; and that all the grades of intelligence are purely adventitious—the effects of circumstance, education and observation.

Consult Nature! Behold the great hierarch of day, eldest of the suns of light when God said, "Let light be, and light was," and then contemplate the pale star that gems the coronal of night—from the mountain, whose proud head o'ertops the clouds, turn to the lowly plain and more lowly valley—from the lion-hearted sea, whose roar is heard around the globe, turn to the purling rivulet—from the unwieldy Kraken of the North to the sportive shrimp—from the elephant, beneath whose tread the earth quakes, to the chirping grasshopper—from the soaring condor, that cleaves the storm-cloud, to the tiny midge that quivers, like a moth, in the sunbeam—from the mountain oak to the pliant ozier—from the blazing diamond to the dull and opaque sand-stone, and by analogy of reason, as you run through the different *genera* and *species*, and the innumerable shades of variety in the same species, you must come to the irresistible conclusion, that the Creator has specified in man every grade of intelligence,—diversified by various degrees of power, brilliance, and energy—the majestic intellect that is calculated to grasp the universe—the patient investigating mind, slow yet successful in inquiry—the penetrating mind that, like a sunbeam, at a glance comprehends truth—and the dull, opaque mind, that neither has light of itself nor can reflect the light of others.

But without any process of reasoning, observation must establish the fact, that there is an infinite disparity in the minds of different individuals; for many, possessed of every facility for expanding their intellects and devoting their days and nights to unremitting study, are never able to attain to distinction; while others, not enjoying like advantages and bestowing less attention, rise to eminence and obtain an enviable fame among men. And this difference of mental ability is alike obvious, whether we look at the great *arena* of intellect, the world, where often by mere mental energy, the obscure hind has risen above nobility itself, to sway the rod of empire—or, at the *cradle* of intellect, the gymnasium, where the careless and erratic, though gifted son of genius, bears away the scholastic prize from the dull and plodding student.

But to our story. And now smile not, gentle reader, when you find the above philosophical reflections designed as an introduction to the "short and simple annals of the poor;" for one of the principal *personæ dramatis* of our story, though munificently endowed with the riches of the understanding, was poor in outward circumstances. Clara Lawson was the daughter of humble and obscure parents. Her mother was a native of New York, and, after a short acquaintance, married an Englishman, greatly her senior in years, who, after living with her about three years, converted what moveables she had into money, and abandoning his wife and infant daughter to the charities of the world, embarked for New Orleans, where he fell a victim to the diseases of the climate and his own licentiousness.

Clara's mother thus stripped of every thing, had no friends to whom she could apply, but was dependent upon her own exertions for a precarious subsistence.—The occupation which she adopted was that of a washerwoman; and, although her earnings were small, she was enabled by a strict economy to provide for herself and child fare sufficient, though homely, and procure comfortable attire, though of the coarsest fabric. Time passed on, and she was generally known throughout the city as the "melancholy washerwoman with the pretty child;" for from the hands of no other did the linen come as purely white, or the frill or ruffle as neatly plaited. And never was any epithet better applied than the above to Clara and her mother; for the face of the one was motionless as the sea of oblivion, while that of her child was like a rivulet flashing in sunlight and dimpled by the soft fingers of every zephyr.

The melancholy of Mrs. Lawson had nothing in it of dissatisfaction with outward circumstances, or of repining at labor to which her constitution was unequal—it was the deep settled gloom of a mind where the sun of hope had ceased to shine—of a heart whose warm feelings unkindness had congealed. She was young and ardent, and attributing to her suitor excellencies that, in him, had only an imaginary existence, gave her hand to him with all the devotedness of woman's first love; and when the clouds of error were dissipated, and the creations of fancy gave way to painful truth; in the midst of unkindness she endeavored to "hope against hope;" and even when he had abandoned her and her infant, continued to cherish the recollection of him who had won her early affections; as the ivy enfolds the ruined, rotten trunk of its early embrace. Her bruised spirit would have sunk beneath the pressure of sorrow, but maternal love nerved up her strength, and enabled her to make exertions for her child that she could not have made for herself. Often when she would have fainted over her wash-tub with fatigue, the sight of Clara, as she sported over the green with a countenance like an angel, inspirited her, or her innocent laugh as her little arms plashed in the water playing with the soap-bubbles, or her soft voice as she hummed the infant hymns her mother had learned her.

Modest merit is unobtrusive of its griefs and is permitted to suffer, while forwardness is hearkened to and relieved from its very importunity. Although the thin form of the heart-broken woman for four years was seen gliding like a spectre along the streets, during the week, laden with the clothes of her daily toil, and her little child with piles of linen, over which her bright locks fell in ringlets like sunbeams on flakes of snow; and although every Sabbath they occupied the same humble seat at church, no one had inquired into their destitute condition, nor had endeavored to put them into a way of earning a livelihood more suited to the mother's failing strength. "The melancholy washerwoman and her pretty child" came from the lips of many, as before, but was a sentiment of the lips, in which the heart had no share. It created no charitable desire to cheer the melancholy of the one, or shield the frail, unprotected beauty of the other from the hardships and snares of an evil world.

Paler grew her cheek, slower the step, and more stooped the figure of the lone daughter of sorrow, yet with her wasted hands, worn through the skin by attrition, she continued late and early to ply her accustomed labor, while deeper and deeper shadows spread over her countenance—the dull twilight of life darkening into the night of death.

It was a morning in May; the sky was flushed with the rosy tints of the rising sun; and the hum of the distant city; with the gush of waters and the song of birds, came like the music of enchantment on the fresh air, scented with the breath of the flowers of spring. Every thing around smiled in the beauty and peacefulness of Eden. Deeply did Mr. Letour and his warm-hearted lady drink the influence of all that surrounded them: for the virtuous and charitable alone are calculated to enjoy the calm beauties of nature. They had risen earlier than usual, had continued their walk beyond the precincts of the city, until they came to the humble suburban habitations of the poor. The sun had not risen, yet the smoke was curling up among the clustering boughs of the weeping-willows from the fire in the open air, where, beside the spring, the slender form of the washerwoman bent over her daily task. They had often marked the sorrowful countenance of the deserted woman as she and her little daughter took away weekly and returned the clothes which they gave her; but the peculiar hardness of her fate had not presented itself to them until, in their morning ramble, they saw the unmitigated toil to which she was subject, and contrasted her cheerless poverty and wakeful labors with the extravagant and indolent day-slumbers of the wealthy. If the luxurious inhabitants of the city would give to morning exercise the hours they waste in feverish sleep, and witness the hardships and the toils which the poor, late and early, have to undergo for a scanty subsistence, how often would pride and haughtiness learn a lesson of humility—how often would avarice listen to the dictates of charity, and the glow of benevolence expand the breast that wraps itself up in its own narrow interest.

As they approached the humble cottage, the cries of a child, from the thick bower of willows, arrested their attention. They proceeded hastily to the spot from which the noise came. The water was bubbling in cauldrons over a brisk fire—confused heaps of dry clothes dotted the green grass over, like islands—there lay masses that had already been washed, in twisted rolls piled together—there stood the tub with its contents from which the excited bubbles had scarcely disappeared, and beside it lay extended the washerwoman, as she had sunk down from exhaustion—pale, motionless, stiffening in death. Beside the corpse was her little child, with her face buried in her arms, weeping aloud. In the firm grasp of the dead was a crumpled letter that she had received that morning, which told the story of her woes. It bore the post-mark of New Orleans. The letter was from her husband, and was full of touching penitence for the manner in which he had behaved to her, and entreaties for her forgiveness. The conclusion was by another person that gave an account of his death. Labor and ill health had reduced her form to a mere skeleton—hope, the oil of life, was extinct, and the sudden excitement had quenched the feeble light of existence, as the gentlest breeze extinguishes the dying snuff that flickers in the socket. Restoratives were resorted to, but in vain—the sufferer had reached that peaceful clime where the "weary are at rest." The dead was committed to the tomb, and her orphan child found a home in the family of the charitable Letour.

Clara was now in her eighth year, and was taken by Mrs. Letour into her nursery to assist her in taking care of her young children. She had received from her mother some elementary instruction, and was able to read with considerable ease. Madame Letour had been educated in Paris, and was a woman of handsome acquirements, having, besides a knowledge of the modern languages of Europe, an acquaintance with the ancient classics, together with the belles-lettres. She spent the half of each day in the nursery with her children, instructing them. The sprightliness and good sense of Clara soon attracted her notice; she made her a pupil with the class of her own daughters, and in the different studies to which she directed her attention she was pleased to see her make astonishing progress. During five years Clara continued in the family, doing service half the day, and devoting the residue to study, and in that time obtained an education such as few young ladies had then an opportunity of getting. She was tall and well grown for her age, and her countenance was ever lit up by intelligence and cheerfulness. If she had any faults they were those of excessive energy of character, and of her mixing with the world in her infancy; a confidence bordering on forwardness; a lively perception of the ludicrous, and a keenness of wit and satire that, while it excited wonder, created fear.

About this time, a certain Miss Margarette Lawson, and antiquated maiden lady on the wrong side of fifty, the eldest and only surviving sister of Clara's father, came over from England. She found out her interesting niece in New York, and took her to reside with her in one of the little villages in the western part of the State, which for sake of convenience, we will call Bloomingville. How much soever Miss Margarette might resemble her brother in features and national prejudices, she certainly had nothing of his extravagance—for a more sparing housewife never lived: and, by a rigid stinting of table and wardrobe, she had not only kept unbroken the principal of a small bequest made to her in her more girlish days, but had laid up also some guineas of the interest. Some few dresses of coarse grey stuff, comprised all her everyday wearing apparel—while a rusty silk gown, venerable enough in cut and color to have belonged to her great-grandmother, with a black silk-hooded mantilla, made up her dress of state for extraordinary occasions.

Four years passed away in the village of Bloomingville, and Clara had grown up to womanhood, and a beautiful and interesting girl she was, truly—yet she seemed a flower destined to "waste its sweetness on the desert air!" for her high-toned sentiments and mental acquisitions were ill understood by the inhabitants of the village in which she lived, who were noted for a plainness and simplicity bordering on stupidity. Reader, take an example, and "*ex uno disce omnes.*" Shortly after Clara came to Bloomingville, she asked one of the rustic beaux of the place if he liked novels. "Novels! Novels!" responded the interrogated, "can't say, for I never eat any, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young 'possum." The reader, no doubt has met with this anecdote twenty times; but as there is the same interest in determining the place of origin of a good story, as of fixing the birth place of a great man, I am sure he will feel indebted to me for establishing its locality, although it is not likely that as many cities will strive for the honor as contended for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The school-master of the place, a tall handsome personage of twenty-four, was the only one, in any degree, able to appreciate Clara's abilities: yet Reading, Writing, and a limited knowledge of figures, Grammar, and Geography, were the radius that described the *cyclopædia* of his lore. The slight pretensions which Herman Lincoln had to learning, established something like a community of feeling between them, which soon grew into a warm attachment.

I hope my readers will not hastily conclude to despise my humble hero of the birchen-rod—but will recollect that, in 1800, (to which date the above history belongs,) the village school-master who could read Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, and cypher through Gough's Arithmetic, was no inconsiderable person—and if, in addition to these, he had a smattering of Grammar and Geography, and could survey and plot a field, was set down as a prodigy. To resume, however, Herman certainly was the only one of any intelligence or reading in the place, and he had drawn upon himself the envy of the young rustics, on account of supplanting them in the affections of the village belle, though their envy had nothing of bitterness in it, for he had grown up among them, and his amiable disposition prevented any feeling of the kind.

The months of July and August were a busy season;—and, as the youngsters were too much engaged in harvesting to attend to books, Herman took advantage of the recess of school to visit the West, where he had some friends. Clara found the village rather duller than usual, after he had gone, and availed herself of his absence to pay a visit to the friend of her childhood, Madame Letour, in New York. She was received with the greatest kindness by her benefactress; and, after spending seven or eight weeks in a very delightful manner, returned home, bearing many little presents that she had received,—and, among others, all the necessary cosmetics, perfumes, powders, &c. &c. for a fashionable toilet. These, to be sure, were not needed to deck Clara's peerless beauty; but Madame Letour was a French woman, (which is another name for *rouge*,) and delighted in perfumes; and human nature is so constituted, that in making presents, our self-love often induces us to present what *we* prize, without consulting the taste or the circumstances of others.

Important changes often occur in the space of a few weeks. During Clara's short absence, revolutions, to her highly important, had taken place in the small village of Bloomingville. The sun was nearly set, as the stage rolled in sight of the place. The eyes of the maiden were directed to the elm trees, through which a glimpse was caught of the school-house. The door opened. The swarm poured forth, with laugh and song, and merry shout, and hats and bonnets tossed in air. And now the maiden's heart fluttered, and the color came and went on her delicate cheek—and now she caught the glimpse of her—could it be?—her own Herman. The figure emerged from the shade. It was not the tall manly form of her lover, but stood in the light, in outline, more like a short, thick sack of wool, than a human being. But was he the teacher? Was there no other person in the room? Did not that mall white-washed log cabin of twenty feet by twelve, contain one of more estimation, in her view, than all the opulent proprietors of the princely piles of brick and marble that she had seen in New York? No! The locking of the door—the bundle of books under his arm, and the pompous, philosophical strut of the stranger dispelled all her hopes, and left but little more to doubt or fear. Her lover was dead, dismissed, or had removed forever—a fresh instance of the inconstancy of mankind—even a parting farewell unsaid.

As she came near, a group of children who were behind the rest, and who seemed to be particularly intent on their books as they walked along, confused voices reached her, like the hum of bees; and presently she could distinguish *hic, hæc, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus—bonus, bona, bonum, boni, bonæ, boni—spero, speras, sperat, speramus, speratis, sperant, &c.*, but *O tempora! O mores!* such pronunciation—such barbarous Latin had never been heard since the days of Romulus! I should mention that the inhabitants of Bloomingville were a mixed population. There was the deep guttural accent of the German, the broad Irish, and the stammering American mouthing Latin. The sounds, mingled together, were like the confusion of Babel, or the yell of triple-headed Cerberus himself. It was past all doubt. They had a new master, and a linguist.

Clara entered the house with a melancholy heart. Scarcely had she embraced Aunt Margarette, before the old lady, in breathless haste, informed her that "they had gotten rid of that fool of a fop, Lincoln, what knew nothink at all, and had gotten in his place an English gentleman, a royal prophesier of all kinds of larnen—what knew every thing. Lincoln writ on that he was sick, in delicate health, and expected to come as soon as he got well: but you see, Clara dear! they warn't going to wait, but took the royal prophesier." Clara could scarcely refrain from tears—yet indignation at the manner in which Lincoln had been treated, and irritation at the language of her aunt, gave her energy, and she replied to her aunt in a warm manner, "Professor, I presume you mean, aunt!—and, as the gentleman professes every thing, I would *prophesy* that he knows nothing. I suppose that he is some boasting *blockhead* that has come to this country to prevent his *head* from being brought to the *block*. He is certainly no gentleman to undermine another, especially while he is confined to a bed of sickness. I cannot see why people should be so foolish as to drive from among them those they know, and take in strangers, about whose talents and morals they know nothing, as if no one had any brains or worth, unless he came from over the sea."

"And why ar'nt it so, Miss?" Don't the choice of everything come from over the sea—wines and silks and the like, and why hain't the folks there more brains too? Ar'nt they more 'lightened?'"

"Why, as to that, I can't say," replied Clara, "but *if* they have more brains over the sea, most persons take care to have their heads *lightened* of a large portion—for I generally find them as addle-pated as you seem to think the Americans."

Clara here perceived a tremendous cloud on aunt Margarette's brow, and hastened to escape from the torrent of abuse that followed; but, as she tripped up stairs to her room, she heard repeated the words 'impudent—fool—and personal 'flections.

The next morning Clara was confirmed that she was correct in the estimate which she had made of the Professor's abilities, by the perusal of the following card, which her aunt produced:—

A CARD.—Henry Hardigan, Royal Professor from London, where he has taught several of the princes of the blood and nobility, announces to the public that he has taken the Academy in the village of Bloomingville, where he will teach the following branches. Orthography, Kaligraphy, Brachygraphy, Reading and Geography, Numerics, Optics, Katoptrics, Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Algebra, Fluxions, and Saxeopontine Constructions, the Mathematics analytically, synthetically, and geometrically, Demonology, Psychology and Mythology, Ontology and Dontology. Also, all the ancient and modern Languages, together with whatever is comprehended in the most extended cycle of the cyclopedia of art and science. Great attention paid to the morals of the pupils, and the most polite perfections and genuflections of the polished courtier instilled. Terms moderate."

It was true the faithful services of young Lincoln were forgotten. Parents were anxious to procure for their children the blessings of an education which they had not themselves; and, with a pitiable credulity, which is still an American characteristic, exalted a foreigner over one identified with their own interests and honour. The Royal Professor was engaged, and the inhabitants of the village of Bloomingville expected the goddess of Wisdom to break a shower of knowledge over the place, as Jupiter had formerly done a shower of gold over the Rhodians. Plain English and useful knowledge were eschewed—and to please the importunity of the children—to pay proper respect to the teacher, whose dignity might not brook plain learning so well, and, furthermore, to gratify the foolish vanity of parents—boys who could not tell the difference between centre and circumference, or distinguish between a noun and an interjection, were forthwith put into Latin. The children were delighted with the change—the change of teachers and the change of lessons. Each one looked with contempt on his former studies and the teacher who superintended them; and looked forward to the period when they should become *royal professors* themselves, an have *royal* times of it, and take very Parnassus by storm.

Time passed on, and the inhabitants of Bloomingville congratulated themselves on having secured the services of so able a Professor. He was regarded as the greatest philosopher of the age. He not only understood all the discoveries made since the flood, but made some himself, with which he contemplated soon to astound the natives—not of our humble, little village, but of the world. He had also formed very long and learned theories, which were exceedingly mystified, and so the people did not understand them. This, however, was a proof of the correctness of the theories, as any which they would have understood, could not have been correct. Of these theories, I will cite one of the shorest and most plain, that my readers may judge of the deep sagacity of the Professor's enquiries into the nature of truth.

That the days are longer in the summer than the winter is a natural fact—that all bodies expand with heat, and contract with cold, is a natural law—that the days in the summer are expanded by the heat, and the days in winter are contracted by the cold is a natural inference. Was there ever a deduction more natural? The above was the theme of one of the Professor's lectures, delivered in the school-room a few evenings after he had come to the village: and after detailing some interesting experiments which he and his young friend, Lord Stanhope, had made in London with a *theometor*—an instrument which, the Professor said, gave the *condensifaction* and *rarifiication* of heat; to determine the phenomena of the long days in summer, and also some experiments which he and Earl Musgrave had made, with a *spyrometer*—an instrument that show the radiation of *cold*, to explain the phenomena of the short days in winter, he was enabled to demonstrate the truth of the above law and inferences to the entire satisfaction of his astonished auditors.

He boarded at the village-tavern, and lodged in the upper room of the school, which was a building of a story and a-half and here, late at night, when every light in the village was extinguished, would be seen the gleam of Professor Hardigan's lamp. He was polite enough to drop in of an evening, and see his neighbors for a few minutes: but such, he said, were his studious habits, that he enjoyed social intercourse as the desert of life, but hard, abstruse study as the substantial meat.—At first he called on his friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Margarette Lawson, almost every evening; but, after Clara's return, his visits were more seldom, and less lengthy—which was strange, as the intelligent like to mingle with those of kindred spirit; and certainly she was the best fitted to comprehend and enjoy the Professor's profound erudition. When he did visit her aunt, Clara used her ingenuity to draw him out on particular subjects, that she might sift his pretensions somewhat; but aunt Margarette and the Professor were both so fond of talking, that she could scarcely edge in a word at all, much less enter into a thorough unravelling;—besides, when she had an opportunity, she was afraid to proceed very far, lest she might offend the gentleman, and provoke the ire of her aunt, who had not sufficiently studied Blair, to have, in her rhetoric, proper regard to the decorums of time and place, when in a wrathful mood.

In addition to his voluminous reading, Professor Hardigan devoted much of his time to astronomical observations, and had converted the window seat of his attic dormant into an observatory. Here he sat of evenings, with several lamps around him, and with arms bent like an Indian bow, supported a tube directed towards the stas. From many a window in the village, were turned the eyes of sire and son, to the star gazing man of science, as they thought upon the stupendous discoveries likely to be made—and all by the teacher of their school too—'twas stupendous to think of. True, the tube was a very small one: but by some discoveries which the Professor had made *in optics*, he had so improved it, as to bring the moon sufficiently near to enable him to hear the roar of its sea.—That the instrument was a good one, may be inferred from the fact, that by nice calculations made with it, assisted by a good *almanac*, he had actually come within five minutes of the time of an eclipse, by the landlord's watch. In addition to a valuable philosophical apparatus, contained in a large chest, he received from Albany, shortly after his coming to the village of Bloomingville, a box containing philosophical instruments, to be used with his telescope when looking from his observatory. These instruments were a present from the Astronomical Society of London, on account of some discoveries which he had communicated before his leaving England. The instruments were put into the *sanctum* of his attic bed-chamber, whither no one had access—not even to make his bed, and so the anticipated pleasure of seeing them was lost.

A slight accident, however, happened in the using of the above philosophical instruments, jointly with his telescope, which perhaps, may be of some interest to my readers. The astronomer had mounted his observatory as usual, and commenced his starry speculations. He was in the habit, generally, of muttering to himself while so engaged; but, this evening he was more boisterous than ever. One of the villagers, who was curious in astronomical matters, had gone to the school-room for the purpose of hearing, if possible, what the philosopher was saying. The villager was a simple hearted man, and had heard that wicked men, by magical incantations to the stars, had wrought much mischief; and it was not clear to him, that the strange conduct of the school-man, had good in it. He placed his back against one of the elms, and continued to witness the behavior of Professer Hardigan, and listen to his singular language, until he fell asleep. The astronomer meanwhile continued his speculations, until his large head and shoulders declined rather much from a perpendicular—he lost his centre of gravity—his centrifugal force overcame the centripetal—there was a crash of the dormant-window-seat observatory, and the rattling of chains and telescope—the burning lamps fell on the head and breast of the affrighted star-gazer, setting fire to his gorgeous ruffles and his greasy bushy head,—and Phæton-like, he was hurled towards the earth, "*flamma rutilos populante capillos.*" The noise awakened the sleeping villager;—and, opening his eyes he looked up with consternation.—He had not time to move his limbs—but the action of the mind is quicker than that of the body. As the fiery meteor descended, he recollected that Hardigan had said he had often drawn down the moon; and the idea presented itself, that he had *now* drawn down a star—or, remembering that the Professor dealt in astrology, he thought he had drawn down the devil upon him; and the next instant he thought just nothing at all—for the astronomer's large bony head struck his, fairly knocking out his senses, and both lay extended on the ground. The attic dormant was dim, for the observer, like the lost Pleiad, had vanished from his place. When the *royal* professor was taken up to his dormitory, he exhibited every appearance of being *royally* drunk; and the fumes of his breath rather bore testimony against him: but yet it was hard to judge rashly, for he had never been known to purchase a glass of drink of Mr. Krause during the time he boarded at the tavern. The key was left, however, a few days after in the door which led into the upper apartment, and as boys will be prying into mysteries, they endeavoured to get a peep into the box of philosophical instruments from Albany, and, on looking in, discovered two kegs, neatly packed, which, to credit the evidence of the olfactory nerves, contained brandy. But, says one of the little boys, more considerate than the rest, "Well! what if it is brandy? May it not be one of the transparent *media* that the professor tells us about, through which he contemplates the moon?" Who knows that the simple youth was not right?

We will now turn our attention to another person whom we have lost sight for some time. Herman Lincoln returned, but ere he had reached the village, rumour apprised him of the sad reverses that had befallen him—the loss of his school, and, worse than that the loss of his sweetheart; for it was also reported that Professor Hardigan was unremitting in his attention to Clara; and cold must have been the heart that could have resisted the soft rhetoric of so learned a man.—Lincoln was still in feeble health, and this intelligence was any thing else than a balsam. He was disposed to be a little jealous, and could now readily credit the faithlessness of Clara, since his patrons had cast him off.

The parents, in fact, were ashamed to see him after the manner in which they had treated him, but the children had all all their former regard awakened at the sight of one who had always treated them with so much kindness. They fared differently now; for the professor's bony knuckles, like a bag of marbles, were continually rattling about their little republican heads. This they and their parents considered a violation of their reserved rights; for while they left all that extensive territory from the *collar vertebræ*